

Along Route '66



Photo by Jim Lustenader

The Dartmouth College Class of 1966 Newsletter

Volume 58, No. 3

February 2023

Get Ready for 2023 66th Night!

March 7, 2023, is the day, but you can plan a gathering with your '66 classmates several weeks either side of March 7. Our goal is to build participation.

Now that we have virtual (Zoom or FaceTime) options, you can include classmates far and wide, from one of your college affinity groups (fraternities, dorms, academic majors, sports teams, extracurricular clubs, and college organizations) or you can still meet locally and in-person.

So even if you have never organized a '66th Night, call up a classmate you are still in touch with and brainstorm, organize, and host a gathering (any number of classmates). Take a photo, or screen shot of your group, and send that photo to me:

(drtombrady1944@gmail.com)

and we will include it in the Spring 2023 Class Newsletter.

I have reasonably current addresses and regional locations for most of our '66 classmates so just give me names and/or contact information and I can help you locate and contact your invitees. We can set up Zoom calls for an unlimited number of participants and for an unlimited amount of time for you to include your invitees. The more hosts the better, and there is no reason why classmates can't join more than one Zoom gathering.

Even if you have never hosted a meeting, jump in and try it!

I can help you organize if you need help and can even invite classmates from a particular city or region to a gathering, as long as I have a host who will coordinate the conversation. Think through your gathering now and contact your invitees so each of you, and I, can be organized for 66th Night.

— Tom Brady

PRESIDENT'S LETTER



Gathering with other members of our class, whether in person or virtually, has always been the life-blood of our class. We are fortunate to have at least two opportunities to gather each year: 66th Night in March and Homecoming in October. In addition, we celebrate both class reunions and birthday parties every five years. One convenient

feature of 66th Night is that you can celebrate it either in person or virtually, depending on where you happen to be that evening. I hope you are able to attend one of these on or about March 7.

It's also a reality that, as we get older, we lose classmates. For that reason, we have a limited number of years to enjoy these gatherings with our Dartmouth friends. Even though you may be in good health, it doesn't mean that those you enjoy seeing always will be.

I will really miss seeing **Pete Barber** at our next gathering. He died December 22, 53 years after his spinal cord was severed by a mortar explosion in Vietnam. In spite of his ever-present wheelchair, Pete attended nearly all our recent reunions and birthday parties. He and Mary drove their van from Napa Valley, California to the East Coast three times every year. Though Pete preferred to manually push his heavy chair, he was always upbeat, cheerful, and a most inspiring presence at our class reunions.

Best regards,
John Rollins

TREASURER'S LETTER

I want to thank the 225 classmates who have already paid their dues for this fiscal year. We finished the first six months of 2022-23 with a solid surplus and will be able to set aside funds for our 60th reunion in 2026. A special "shout-out" to WALLY BUSCHMANN, who sent out an appeal to all of his Maine neighbors, resulting in seven additional dues payments. I would welcome any other classmates who would like to get involved.



For those who have not yet paid, please make your check out to "The Class of 1966" and send it to me at PO Box 1127, Newtown, PA 18940. Or you can make your payment easily on-line at www.dartmouth66.org by clicking the "Class Dues" button on the left and following the instructions for PayPal/Credit Card payments on the lead page. This allows you to pay either by credit card or via a PayPal account.

If you have any questions, don't hesitate to get in touch with me at bobserenbetz@prodigy.net.

Thanks!

Bob Serenbetz

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE FUND

I asked Siri if she was artificially intelligent, and she said she didn't have an answer to that question. She lied!

Maybe Siri should examine in greater detail the truth to her answers! John McCarthy could have corrected her. McCarthy was an assistant professor of Mathematics at Dartmouth back in 1955. That year he took a road less traveled and organized a conference, held the summer of 1956 at Dartmouth, to develop ideas about thinking machines. He picked the name "Artificial Intelligence" for the new field. A road less traveled. Just look at the number of global travelers on that road today, enabled by Dartmouth 67 years ago!



Dartmouth's purpose is to open those roads less traveled; allowing students, faculty and the world in general to benefit from its intellectual base, and that is what the Dartmouth College Fund enables. Our class is full of prime examples of those who have ventured off on their own—just read our class newsletter! Now it's our turn not only to teach the next generations how to read road signs, but also to enable them to start their own adventures.

To date we are almost halfway towards achieving our class goal of \$250K for this fiscal year. You can trust the **dartgo.org** computer, so please go there and support our class and college once more and open those roads. Thank you.

Bob Spence

DARTMOUTH

PROFESSORSHIP FUND

Andrea and **George A. Vincent III** have established a Materials Science Professorship at Thayer School of Engineering. Their gift of \$1,250,000 is matched by the MacLean Foundation for a total of \$2,500,000.

Barry MacLean and “Jay” Vincent were friends for many years as they were both leaders in the chemical manufacturing business in Chicago. Last year Barry made a personal call to Andrea and Jay to propose this particular Professorship in Material Science.

Jay was a Chemistry major at Dartmouth, one of only twenty students in his Class of ‘66. The others were in Pre-Med. Jay’s three Chemistry professors—Paul R. Shafer, Walter H. Stockmayer, and John H. Wolfenden—were a big influence during his student years.

Andrea Vincent, Jay’s widow, writes that “the opportunity that Barry offered was a perfect fit and timely. Jay was so pleased that he could make such a meaningful contribution to Dartmouth.”



THE ANDREA AND GEORGE A. VINCENT III 1966 PROFESSORSHIP FUND

Statement of Understanding

Gift Purpose

The *Andrea and George A. Vincent III 1966 Professorship Fund* (the “Fund”) is a permanent endowment at the Thayer School of Engineering at Dartmouth College (“Dartmouth”) to be established by gifts totaling \$1,250,000 from George A. Vincent III, Dartmouth Class of 1966, and Andrea Vincent (“the Donors”). The Fund is designed to support an Early Career Professorship at the Thayer School of Engineering which will further Dartmouth’s commitment to maintaining an excellent faculty and interdisciplinary learning environment. Through the distinction it confers upon its successive holders, this Professorship is intended to help the Thayer School of Engineering recruit the most promising educators and recognize the teaching and research achievements of Early Career Professors at the Thayer School of Engineering. This gift is made in honor and memory of three former Chemistry professors whom George Vincent credits with being instrumental to his time at Dartmouth: Paul R. Shafer, Walter H. Stockmayer, and John H. Wolfenden.

The MacLean Foundation Matching Gift

The Thayer School of Engineering expects to receive funds from the MacLean Foundation to match the Donors’ gift on or before June 30, 2028. At that time, the Donors’ gift will be matched with an additional \$1,250,000. Until the match is received, the Thayer School of Engineering is committed to providing resources to supplement the endowment distribution from the Fund in order to help cover the full costs of this professorship. In the unlikely event that all or part of the matching gift funds from the MacLean Foundation are not received according to the expected schedule, the Thayer School of Engineering may, but is not bound to, match the Donors’ gift but will remain committed to providing resources to supplement the endowment distribution from the Fund in order to help cover the full costs of this professorship.

Selection Procedures

The *Andrea and George A. Vincent III 1966 Professorship* will be held by a member of the Faculty of the Thayer School of Engineering, with a preference for a faculty member with an interest and background in Materials Science. The recipients of the professorship should have distinguished records in both teaching and scholarship. As with other endowed chairs, new holders of the *Andrea and George A. Vincent III 1966 Professorship* will be nominated by the Dean of the Thayer School of Engineering and appointed following Dartmouth’s established procedures for appointments to endowed professorships.

NEWS FROM CLASSMATES

Peter Tuxen writes: “Unfortunately, I chose not to attend Boston (55th Reunion) because I wished to avoid Covid before an expensive trip the next week to Europe. I entered the trip clean and vaccinated but caught Covid anyway and got stranded in Iceland going home. For now I’m staying well and plan to attend the ‘66 Ski Event in Colorado in March.”

Alan Rottenberg’s grandson Nate was recently accepted for early admission to the Dartmouth Class of 2027. Alan notes, “This is especially meaningful for me since neither of my parents went to college”. He adds, “two of my three children also attended Dartmouth, so Nate will be the third generation Rottenberg to be lucky enough to enjoy the unique Dartmouth undergraduate experience.”

Thirteen photographs from **Jim Lustenader’s** series entitled “Times Square Nocturne” were exhibited at the Soho Photo Gallery in New York City during January and may still be seen on the gallery’s website by searching “Lustenader” and clicking the “Exhibition” box. The gallery’s website describes this series of Jim’s photographs as:

“Times Square at night: gaudy, edgy, overflowing with anything-goes. There are intimate moments to be found in the crush, where zany, picturesque characters jostle with visiting gawkers to be part of the carnival. Times Square was made for black and white film, grainy and gritty like the place itself.”



The Soho Photo Gallery was founded in 1971 by a group of New York Times photographers who wanted to create a venue for photography as fine art.

NEWS OF CLASSMATES

Noel Fidel writes: I was fortunate 78 years ago to be born into a healthy, caring, and supportive family. Thirty-one years later, by random and improbable chance, Anne and I met, somehow sensed our special moment, and went on to marry and shape such a family of our own.

During the same years, by luck and instinct more than design, I found in law opportunities expansive enough for a challenging and interesting career, one that permitted me to chase the elusive phantom of justice and feel my efforts were generally worthwhile. This and our family's ongoing good health provide plentiful reasons to be thankful, but recent events highlight a framing element for this good fortune.

Coming of age as a Jew in post-New Deal, post-WW2 America, when memories of the Depression and the War and the Holocaust were fresh, the economy was strong, and I had access to good public schools and excellent teachers, my path was almost entirely unconstrained by the anti-Semitic barriers that confronted my earlier counterparts. Though the open landscape I encountered was far from universal, the body politic seemed invested in a social safety net, and the civil rights movement inspired the hope that through law and politics we would keep expanding pathways of opportunity for others.

We now have reason, though, to wonder whether this will remain so. My grandparents left the pogroms of Eastern Europe in the early 20th Century, seeking relief from oppression in what they believed would be a land of opportunity. My paternal grandmother, whom Dartmouth students of our generation met at her store on Main Street and knew as "Edith," indentured herself to American cousins at age 14 to earn her passage here. Although she lost her mother and a sister, who remained in Europe, to the Holocaust, she lived into the 90s comforted that the opportunities she had hoped for had been realized by her children and expanded for her grandchildren.

What awaits our grandchildren and their contemporaries? As the 21st Century rolls forward, that's a more troubling question for me than it became for her.



SKI MINI IN MARCH

Five days of weekday skiing at the Urban "Shire" are planned March 5-11, 2023 with bedrooms for all. We hope to see our regulars: **Jon Colby, Joff Keane, Steve Coles**, Sharon and **Gary Broughton, Peter Tuxen** and Tinker McBee, and Anne and **Budge Gere**.

Four other skiers from Des Moines may be joining us and, with Toni and me, we'll almost have a full house. But that shouldn't discourage any other classmates from joining us, since we have a couple of beds left!

Winter Park has already enjoyed record snowfall, and discount passes and free parking at the Base Village should make it worth the effort. As we approach our Octogenarian milestone, most of us ski half days and enjoy watching for moose and foxes, reading, playing cards and building puzzles. Food is shared by all, and local restaurants have excellent fare. The local Rec Center has a gym and indoor pool for those who don't want to fight the slopes. and, of course, the repartee is unmatched with senior jokes and a songfest led by Steve.

Our two Suburbans provide shuttles from the Denver airport to and from Winter Park, so we coordinate arrivals and departures. After almost 50 years of annual Dartmouth Shire ski trips to Winter Park, our legacy continues until we retire from our snow adventures. Please consider this an invitation to join us while you still can.

Tim and Toni Urban
(515) 208-0591

REMEMBRANCES PAST AND PRESENT

In this issue, we are introducing a new section called "Remembrances Past & Present"—a place for us to share our memories both of classmates who have passed away and of the times we shared during our college years.

We begin, on the next page, with heartfelt memories from two close friends of **Pete Barber**, who passed away in December.

I'd like to encourage you to submit your memories so that we may share them in future issues. Please send your remembrances to our class news e-mail address:

Dartmouth.Class.of.1966@dartmouth.edu
or directly to me at robertmarkcohn@gmail.com .

We look forward to sharing your memories with the class.

Bob Cohn, Editor, *Along Route '66*

REMEMBRANCES PAST AND PRESENT

Pete Barber's college roommate and close friend **Barry Machado** shared his poignant memories of Pete, noting that "His remarkable life deserves to be honored by his 1966 classmates as well as all living Dartmouth alumni. He was special." Barry wrote:

So Long, My Old Friend and Hero

As Dartmouth undergrads, fate conferred on Pete and me a special relationship: classmates. team-mates. room-mates, and Phi Delt fraternity brothers. After graduation we remained close for most of the next half-century. When my wife passed away in 2018, Pete delivered a eulogy at her "Celebration of Life." She, too, loved that big, red-headed, straight-shooter. Neither gave any quarter to hypocrisy or injustice.

Outside his immediate family, I believe I knew Pete as well as anyone did. To say he was also my hero is not sentimental hyperbole. Winner of the Watson Trophy as the finest varsity athlete in his class for achievements on the soccer (All-Ivy) and baseball (star pitcher) fields, as well as the first '66 inducted into the "Wearers of the Green" in 2009, Pete spent the final fifty-three years of his life confined to a wheelchair. During that time, almost single-handedly, he taught me the meaning of the word "fortitude," while altering my view of human nature.



As an historian who read and lectured about so-called "heroes" of the past, usually the bogus variety, I came to know an authentic one in the flesh-and-blood. While serving in combat with the U.S. Army near the DMZ in Vietnam in 1969, Pete was severely wounded by an enemy mortar. Returning stateside a paraplegic, he never regained use of his powerful legs. A truly great athlete in the prime of life was entitled to curse his misfortune. In my presence at least, he never did, not once in the decades that followed. Pete never complained, or whined, or indulged in self-pity. Instead, with crucial support from wives Kim and Mary ("St. Kim and St. Mary") and their own brands of heroism, he proved as indomitable in dealing with profound adversity as he once did with lesser challenges on Dartmouth's playing fields. An enemy might shatter his spinal cord, but nothing could crush his spirit, nor his will to get on with a drastically redirected life.

To the end, Pete's mind remained first-rate, his memory formidable, his signature wit pungent and often irreverent, his love of baseball unflagging, and his world-class bullshit detector fully operational. Always uplifting was his company.

For those who regarded him a kindred soul, Pete constantly reminded us of the pointlessness of feeling sorry for ourselves, or bemoaning unfairness. His nobility of spirit brought radiance to his friends. To know him so well, and for so long, was our good fortune. His passing greatly saddens me. And I weep that his remarkable courage and Mary's uncommon devotion can no longer inspire those around them.

Ted Amaral remembered Pete with a poem:

The soft blooms of summer are faire to the eye,
When brightly the clear silver Medway glides by.
And rich are the colors which Autumn adorn,
With its gold checkered leaves and billows of corn.
But dearer to me is the pale lonely rose,
Whose blossoms in Winter's dark season unclose.
Which smiles in the rigor of Winter's stern blast,
And smooths the harsh present with signs of the past.

And thus when around us affliction's dark power
Eclipses the sunshine of life's glowing hour.
When drooping, deserted in sorrow we bend,
How sweet is the presence of one faithful friend.
The crowd who we laughed with when gladness was ours
Are Summer's bright flowers and Autumn's bright store.
But the friend on whose bosom in sadness we repose,
That friend is the Winter's lone beautiful rose.

Ted adds: "Peter Duncan Barber was a faithful 'red' rose to MANY, and it has been a joy of my life to be among them."

GOLF MINI FROM MAY 1-5

After many years holding our spring golf mini reunions in Arizona and California—interrupted by a Covid related hiatus—we are moving East this year. Winston-Salem, NC—home of Ken Zuhr (a golf mini reunion participant with perfect attendance)—will be our venue in 2023.

We will be following the schedule of recent golf minis: arrival on Monday May 1, golf on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and departure (or optional additional round) on Friday, May 5. We will hold group dinners Monday through Thursday at a variety of local restaurants.

The Hampton Inn Bermuda Run (1-336-998-3480) will be our “headquarters” hotel with a special rate group rate of \$505 for four nights. There are a full range of other hotel options to select from as well. Their website:

www.hilton.com/en/hotels/intbrhx-hampton-bermuda-run/

We will choose from golf courses recommended by Ken including:

- Maple Chase County Club — mapleCHASECC.com/Golf
- Salem Glen (Nicklaus design) — salemGlen.com
- Tanglewood Park (Robert Trent Jones) —
golf.tanglewoodpark.org
- Bermuda Run Country Club —
invitedclubs.com/clubs/bermuda-run-country-club

We welcome Dartmates to join our golfers. There are many interesting museums and period restorations in the Winston-Salem area including:

- The Reynolda House and Gardens — reynolda.org ;
- Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art secca.org ;
- Historic Bethabara Park historicbethabara.org; and
- Old Salem Museums and Gardens www.oldsalem.org .

As in the past, there will be no upfront fee—each participant will pay for their own greens fees, dinners, hotel and transportation.

If you are interested in participating or would like additional information, contact Mini-Reunion Chair Al Keiller at 802-230-6238. or sienawine@me.com.

IN MEMORIAM

Peter Duncan Barber

Peter Duncan Barber, force of nature, died December 22, 2022 at the age of 78. In his honor, we will laugh, play cribbage and ping pong, play Beethoven loudly, sing along with Neil Diamond and Motown hits, plant bulbs, think laterally, try to grow dahlias as beautiful as his, and commune with cows ("Hello Cows, Hello Pete").



Pete was born in Niagara Falls, NY, in 1944 to Margaret and Neil Barber, and grew up in Lower Merion, Pennsylvania. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1966. A Phi Delt fraternity brother and All-Ivy athlete as a soccer fullback and baseball pitcher, he was known for his irreverence, and by his moniker, "Hot Dog." He was the recipient of the Alfred H. Watson Trophy in 1966, as Dartmouth's outstanding athlete of the year. In 2009, he was inducted into Dartmouth's athletic hall of fame, the "Wearers of the Green."

He received his masters from the University of Pennsylvania, and then in 1967, for complicated reasons, he enlisted in the military and was deployed to Vietnam in 1968. In 1969, at age 24, a mortar explosion left him paralyzed. He spent the next 53 years in a wheelchair. He was a member of Vietnam Veterans Against the War and spoke calmly and unreservedly about his experiences. Few were better at understanding death and loss. Beethoven's 9th is good for grief, he would tell us.

Pete grew prize-winning dahlias, coached his children's soccer teams for years in Kenwood and Santa Rosa, CA, and worked for the Social Security Administration in Palo Alto and Santa Rosa. He nurtured relationships all over the country with friends from childhood, Dartmouth, work, and the Army. He loved Maui, Palm Springs, Yosemite, Austria, and Cape Cod, finding beauty in trees and music, whales and wildcats. He loved road trips, rolling down the middle of the street or around the track for a mile before work in the morning, and calling to check on his many friends.

He would answer children's questions about the wheelchair with candor and kindness and surprised all by lacking discernible regret or bitterness. He became a surrogate father for friends and stepchildren. In public he would continue as ever to be the joker, the Hot Dog, and would push it too far sometimes, but in

IN MEMORIAM

private he was the one with whom to speak when a loved one died or you were considering a big decision.

"Bumpa" dedicated huge amounts of himself to spending time with his grandchildren, including rides on his lap, stories, countless baseball games, ice cream on Cape Cod, and pancakes in Hawaii, while playing cards at every stop on the road. He wrote about these adventures in essays he shared with his family called "Bumpa's Lap."

Toward the end of his life he spent many months in the Veterans Hospitals in both California and Massachusetts, where he was visited and entertained by friends and family from across the country.

He lived until he died, passing calmly, after a week of pneumonia, surrounded by his family.

His life is celebrated by his wife Mary, his German shepherd Heidi, children Christopher Barber (Laura Diffenderfer), Heather Barber (Justin Sweder), stepchildren Tobin Spohr (Rena Spohr) and Aaron Spohr (Jane Spohr), foster daughter Brenda Chatter Thompson (Mike Thompson); first wife Kim Barber; beloved grandchildren Noah and Zoë Sweder, Bryston Spohr, and Grainger and Tia del Rio; sisters Susan Barber (Joe Lee), Judy Wilson (David Wilson), and Patricia Milliman; nieces and nephews Nicole Wilson, Trevor Wilson, Amanda Milliman, and Pete Milliman; and his many friends.

He chose to be buried in the Massachusetts National Cemetery on Cape Cod, in order that he may be counted as one of the incalculable, yet personal, costs of war.

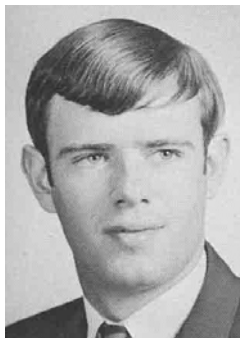
You may honor him by standing up to injustice and hatred, joking around with a side of snark, and by loving expansively.

—by Chris and Heather Barber via DignityMemorial.com.

Richard G. Naylor

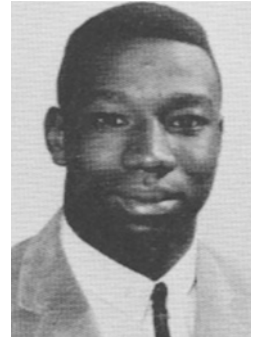
Richard G. Naylor, age 78, of Tucson, Arizona passed away on Friday, September 30, 2022. He was born June 1, 1944.

After Dartmouth, he received an MA in Geology from Wesleyan University. He went on to a career as a Geologist, exploring for gold, silver, and copper in the US, Mexico, and Central and South America.



Edgar Merritt Holley Sr.

Edgar Merritt Holley Sr., passed away peacefully on December 2, 2022 at his home in New York City, at the age of 78. He is survived with loving memories by his wife, Mary Anne and son, Edgar, Jr. He was born in Pensacola, FL and grew up in Maywood, IL. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, where he was known for his signature greeting, "Wah Hoo Wah, Daddio" and as the "Dartmouth Bearcat" linebacker on his undefeated Dartmouth football team of 1965. He was also selected to the All-American, All-Ivy and All-East honorary football teams.



After receiving his MBA from the University of Chicago, he began an exemplary career in finance, accounting and operations, including Systems Analyst at Mobil Oil to management positions at ITT Latin America, Revlon International, Southern Regional Comptroller for American Express in Ft. Lauderdale, FL and Director of Accounting/Finance at Glorious Foods.

He took sabbaticals from the corporate world to fulfill his desire to give back and utilize his experience for more humanitarian causes, beyond the profit motive by contributing to a better society. He assisted small business owners with his work at Bedford Stuyvesant Restoration and the New York Urban League and served in the New York City Office of the First Deputy Comptroller.

Of equal importance, he cherished the adventures of coaching his son's Little League teams on Roosevelt Island. The family is so grateful to so many of his former players for their outpouring of love and memories of how much he mattered to their young lives. He was best known by his smile, wit and sense of humor from his many friends and neighbors in Battery Park City. A Memorial Service will be scheduled at a future date.

—published in *The New York Times*

Note: Complete obituaries can be found on our website: Dartmouth66.org.



Dartmouth College
BLUNT ALUMNI CENTER
HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03755-3590

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



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Photo by Jim Lustenader